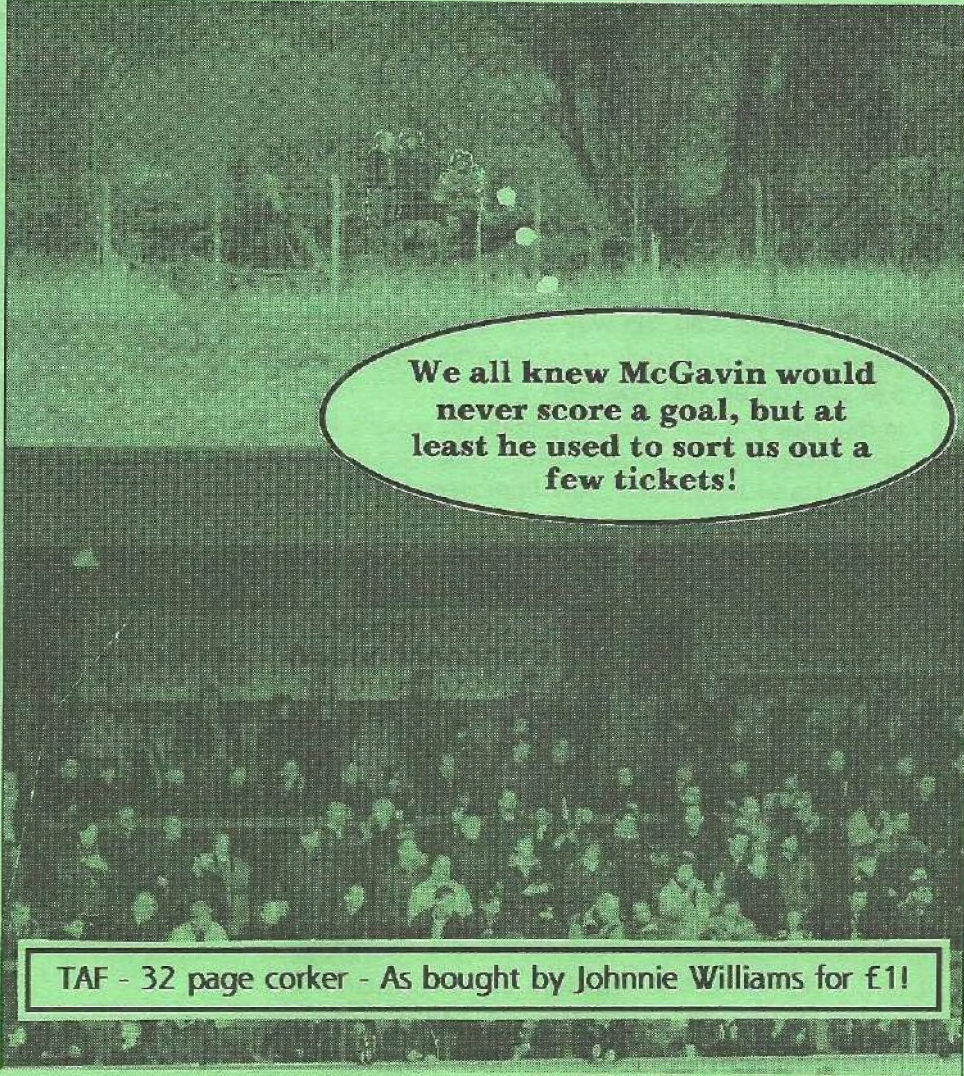


The **ADAMS FAMILY**

ISSUE 22..... STILL JUST 60p.....APRIL/MAY 96



**We all knew McGavin would
never score a goal, but at
least he used to sort us out a
few tickets!**

TAF - 32 page corker - As bought by Johnnie Williams for £1!

WYCOMBE WANDERERS FANZINE

The ADAMS FAMILY

P.O BOX 394, HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS, HP13 6HT
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G'day Bruce, and welcome to the 22nd Adams Family, which equals our record of five fanzines in a season. So chuffed are we at our prolific efforts, that we confidently predict a gut busting six issues next term.

Today is a big day for TAF as it is the first time that we haven't looked at the fixture list, said "No way their fans are nutters", and postponed the fanzine 'till the next home game. So hello Carlisle, we hope you'll leave us in a fit state to continue next year!

In this issue you can expect to find all the usual's, including for the last time in its present guise, "terrace tattle" - the best new name we have for it so far is "stand salutations". Any improvements on that can be sent to the usual address(es).

There's our comprehensive questionnaire, with a ruddy resplendent prize/bribe attached; our tips for the player of the season; plenty of comment on the overview of Alan Smith's first season in charge; some fantasy roleplay; tributes to Terry Howard, Wycombe's dropped but not forgotten hero; and regulars such as Dear Ivor & The Diary.

Cheer on England in the Euro's, ignore the cricket, keep an eye on the idle brickies building the new stand and you'll be alright.

Finally, hello to our readers in Australia, we've heard there's a few, "Hogans Ghost, who'd of thought it!

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Terrace Tattle...

Contracts, contracts, contracts. If there's one thing I believe none of us shall forget about season 95/96, it will be the word contracts. Not only have we lost, and failed, to satisfactorily replace a top quality goalkeeper due to the word contract, we now also have to watch increasingly dismal displays so that manager Smith can work out who gets a new contract. At least that's the official line, but if you can find anyone on the terrace's at Adams Park that swallows it, you're a better man than I. Terry Howard has disappeared without trace, due to the fact that Smith knows what he can do, and I presume the same goes for Jason Cousins and Steve McGavin. This would be fair enough if any of us actually believed it, but how can you? Can Alan Smith really say that he hasn't seen enough of Dave Carroll to make up his mind? The same goes for Mickey Bell, Steve Brown, Terry Evans *et al.* Also, why is Paul Hardyman being cast as the new Jason Solomon, by always being left on the bench? If this is a chance for players to impress the manager, then why isn't Paul getting a go? He's certainly no worse than the erratic Skiverton, could it be something to do with owning an unpopular christian name. And finally on the subject, can it seriously be said that Simon Garner has had a fair chance to prove his worth this season? I think not. But then, of course, he's injured isn't he? That said, it's funny how he never seems to be injured for capital league games, and he didn't seem to miss many games for Torquay. No, there are too many unanswered questions at WWFC, and this is creating a truly unhealthy atmosphere around the place.

As you will read elsewhere in this issue, the official line from the club is upbeat, but only a simpleton could fail to see the (hopefully temporary) demise of this club. Yes we're safe in the league; yes we've got a new stand being built; yes our youth team is great; yes we've got a new kit (which not many people like), but the fact remains that first team performances, a few stunners aside, are gutless, woeful affairs - packed with punt and run football and miserable faces.

And, naturally, the rumours are filling the gaps that Alan Smith's unconvincing explanations are leaving. Leading ones tell us that Terry Howard won't play again because he had a fight with Terry Evans, Jason Cousins had a punch up with someone else, and that many players are more than pissed off. Of course we don't know that they are true, but do we necessarily believe that they aren't?

It's true that WWFC may not be in the sad position of a Swansea or Brighton, but that is not entirely the answer. Whilst we are, and have been for most of the season, safe from the ill's of relegation, it is the rotten atmosphere around the park that bothers me.

Wycombe may not have the cash to spend, and we may not be a big club, but we have grown used to players giving their all. We weren't always fantastic to watch under O'Neill, but rarely capitulated like this current XI do. What we as supporters need is a sign that someone in authority realises, and is prepared to admit, that there is a big problem infecting Wycombe Wanderers.

Our last issue was against Brentford, in the midst of another period of doom and gloom, but immediately afterwards, it almost looked as if Wycombe had turned the corner. A draw with Rotherham followed big home wins against Bradford City and Burnley and that battling victory at Walsall, gave the blues three victories in a row this season. Great stuff, even if we missed out on the play-off's, at least we could have an upbeat end to the season.

And then came Hull! Attending the sponsor's dinner the Thursday before, we really should have seen the warning signs. Far too many people, me included, were getting carried away with recent events, and the almost smug certainties that Hull would be dispatched from all and sundry really hit home at 4.50pm Saturday 6th of April.

And as we all know it's been downhill ever since, culminating in the apathetic display against Swansea. There have been some truly sad performances this season, but this was the first I can barely remember any on pitch happenings. Wycombe were totally and utterly devoid of ideas the whole game through, and the sight of man of the match Steve Brown trudging off the pitch, looking gutted despite his proud display, was without doubt the saddest of the day. But the main reason that most of us will remember the day, is because it was the day that the rumbling's of discontent with the way the manager runs the club, surfaced big time on the terraces. After Chapman's goal went in the names of the dropped & departed men; Hyde, Garner, Cousins, McGavin, Howard: began to reverberate around the valley end. At the final whistle, a spontaneous chant of "One Martin O'Neill" burst forth from the terrace, and it wasn't just from the mouths of the usual chanting crew. Of course it was an absolutely pointless exercise, remember we were all gagging for Smith in July, but it was one of those things that just had to be done.

As is the custom at this time of year, we should look ahead and think about what the future holds for WWFC, but not in recent times has the picture been so unclear. We know the youth side is good under Messrs. Melvin & Smillie, but questions remain in so many areas. Who will be left next season? Can we afford to buy any decent replacements? What on earth will the reaction be if we lose to Carlisle today?

Despite all these things, the most important to the future of WWFC is the new stand. Even if the rest of the ground were shut, the crowd against Rotherham would have only half filled it! Now that worries me, so it must be frightening the life out of the directors of this football club as they contemplate where 3000 supporters have disappeared to in the last 18 months. These individuals, sad as they may seem to those of us who wouldn't dream of quitting WWFC, must somehow be tempted back. Remember Alan Parry's programme notes about averaging 5,000 not being good enough? If Wycombe's pricing policy for this new structure is wrong & the season starts badly, 5000 might seem like a dream for Wycombe.

Enjoy the break.

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If any of the above apply to you, or if you're wondering, "Why the chuffin' heck can't The Adams Family get their butts into gear and deliver a pristine copy of their droll periodical to my front door as other journals do?", then wonder no longer, for as of next season (Issue 23), you can subscribe to our fab mag and save yourself the embarrassment of any of the above scenarios.

Here's the deal - you send us money for as many issues as you want. We aim to produce 5 fanzines per season, so payment for multiples of 5 would make both our lives a little easier. Cost is a margin-squeezing £0.95 per issue (P&P inc.), so if you wish to sign up for a season, a cheque for £4.75 will guarantee (as much as you can guarantee anything from the Post Office) that a copy of TAF hits your doormat on matchday morning, thus saving you the indignity of queuing up in various degrees of freezing precipitation for a copy.

And if all that doesn't tempt you, anybody signing up for 5 issues or more will receive (while stocks last) copies of ALL of our available back issues (3, 5, 6, 8-10, 13, 15, 18-21) completely free of charge! Of course, if you don't want copies of any of these, please let us know. All donations, as ever, gratefully received, so get them cheque-books flapping (payable to D.Chapman) and quills scribbling.

These three men are happy, for new contract or not, they'll be able to receive TAF!



the Diary



"I got five on it!". Greetings Luniz fans and welcome to the final diary of the 95/96 season. By the time you read this, the terraces that have been the inspiration of 'The Diary' will have ceased to be. Whether the new stand will prove to be as fruitful in the

garnering of lame remarks and whispered stories remains to be seen, but let's hope it has great big stereo speakers in it, containing huge bass bins - it's the only way to listen to the Luniz, or 2-pac. Get five on it yourself punters, as we throw open the slightly soiled pages of 'The Diary'.

This Charming Man

Ooops! Dear director *Alan Parry* seems to have got a tad miffed at Adams Family suggestions that this season has been, shall we say, like being promised a trip to Disneyland by your parents and having it substituted with a day out to Thorpe Park instead. Nonsense, cries the voice of ITV sport (and that crap health advert), it's been a thriller. Oh dear, it seems that we must differ on the subject. Alan states that the Wanderers' form, "Has swung from promotion to relegation to promotion again." What he failed to add were the words "mid-table", which is where we have been for most of the year, and is a place he has, in past notes, slagged off. What about the new players, asks Alan - well apart from *John Willie* (a success at last) and *Brian McGorry*, who has given us a laugh, what can we say? Hardly brimming over with dashing ability are they? A new kit is also thrilling, cries Alan. Pardon moi, but aren't we still using the old one. Anyway it's not like kit changes are a novelty in football. Finally, "The new stand" implores Alan - well mate it may be the jewel in the crown next season, but at the moment it's a chalk hole and when we left the Oxford game humiliated, its presence was not a great comfort. By the way fact fans, was Alan not the director who warned against stand building to the detriment of squad strengthening?

The Rumour Mill

Well, the famous rumour mill has been working overtime in the last few weeks, and although nothing can ever be taken as legit gospel truths, you often wonder quite why someone would make up such inane gossip (it fills pages - ed). So where do we start. Well how about the latest rumbling's that *Dick Branson*, top entrepreneur and balloon expert, is planning a takeover of the club. We'll keep you posted on this high flying bit of tattle as soon as we've heard more, but I can't help thinking it's all a bit of hot air (ha-ha).

On a different and less savoury note is the gossip doing the rounds that old gaffer *Martin O'Neill* has tapped up *Keith Ryan* and is planning to take him up to Leicester when his contract runs out at the end of the season. So if you see Keith

clapping his heart out to you all at the end of today's game against Carlisle then you'll know why. I sincerely hope that this isn't true, but you can certainly almost believe it as MON certainly loved Keithy, and its no secret that he's been scouting him since his return to fitness.

What's it like to be in a film with Sting?

This month has been notably poor for sighting's of your favourite Wanderers, and having exhausted the "player spotted looking in the window of Feathers" gag, all was looking ill. Until this deadline weekend, when a celebrity spot of a somewhat higher magnitude than seeing *Dave Farrell* in the Centre Spot gents, was made in the Vere Suite, none other than 'Men Behaving Badly' star *Leslie Ash* Whilst disgracefully introducing her kids to the evils of gambling on the fruit machine, rumours were mounting that her presence at Adams Park were something to do with "Sexy Steward" *Dave Bassett*. However these were quashed when it was remembered that she is sadly married to *Lee Chapman*. This didn't stop Vere Suite doorman *Tricky Dickie* smoothing his way up to the megababe and ushering her through to the players lounge as if he'd pulled! Jealous, us? Never!

Stick Up

So just who was responsible for those anti kit stickers? Well certainly not us at TAF. After becoming the only people who didn't get irate about the new stripey affair, and being shamefully used by *Mark Austin* in his monthly propaganda column in 'Blues News', we're sure no-one could think it was us. Still this sort of thing is quite a good crack, how about some "Terminate *McGorry's* Contract Now" stickers as well.

Hard at it

At last, the roof of the woodland was finally removed, leaving its regulars unable to moan on it for the first time ever. Thankfully, we all managed to fit into the remainder of the ground, due to the lack of patrons wishing to witness the drivell spewed up by 'Smiffy's XI. So poor are the Wanderers that the builders worked instead of watching the game. An incisive comment if ever there was one!

Officer's Army

The column couldn't end without a mention for Big Bad *Bob Officer*. WWISC's main man has pulled off a coup with the acquisition of *Alan Smith* for a supporters forum on Monday April 29th. Its open to anyone, and all they ask is for a token £1 on the door for non-members. This event is taking place at The Trades and Social Club, Queen Street, just off the London Road opposite the Rye. It kicks off about 8 pm with Terry Howard as stand up comedian beforehand. So if you want to grill the gaffer, there's your chance.

Have a top summer, footy chum's

What's Going On

Now before you begin reading this article I must point out that I'm not writing it just because of the recent dropping of Terry Howard. I was planning on doing a short review of Tel's book and commenting on his sterling performances this season - a kind of "pick me up" tonic for the lad to let him know that the fans have appreciated his efforts in an otherwise depressing season. However in view of his shocking departure from the first team (and possibly Wycombe Wanderers football club itself) it seems disgraceful that once again the fans are being left in the dark about the future of one of their favourite players. Paul Hyde is case study number one. A bloody good keeper who always gave 100% for WWFC. OK so he made a few cock ups, but then show me a keeper who doesn't. As much as I liked Ben Roberts and can just about take Sieb Dykstra I felt much safer knowing that Paul Hyde was guarding the onion bag. He always seemed to show passion, commitment and a will to play for Wycombe. Anyway that's the way I saw it as did thousands of others.

The above brings me on to Terry Howard. Poor old Terry hasn't had the most joyous of footballing experiences. Kicked out by Chelsea, sacked at half time by Leyton Orient, and now seemingly dumped on by Wycombe. All this for a player who like Paul Hyde seems to be a 100% man. A consistent performer throughout the season, Terry has excelled at times in the face of his team mates mediocrity. But unfortunately his half-time hoodoo struck again at Hull. 3-0 down and Tel gets substituted and has yet to be seen since. Perhaps Alan Smith had read his autobiography where he states that he's "never played a decent game at Hull". The trouble was that nor did the other ten Wanderers, yet Terry is made the scapegoat.

So what is it then that makes a manager want to kick out his best defender. Can you imagine Arsenal kicking out Tony Adams? Man United telling Steve Bruce where to go? Newcastle dropping Darren Peacock - well OK I've flawed my argument - yet the principle remains, why is Terry Howard being made to look the villain? And is there any chance of an explanation, or are we just going to get the professional cover up job about manager and player having their differences. If this is the case one has to ask why can't Alan Smith sit down and talk it over with T.H or has he got to show him who's in charge? I realise that with 10 players up for contract renewal in the Summer there is scope for change, but losing your potential supporters "player of the season" isn't going to instill much confidence in an already dying breed of Wycombe fan. It's not even as if Terry Howard isn't popular with the rest of the players. In a recent edition of Blues News John Williams said that he was the best bloke down at the club. What it really comes down to is that the club/manager have got to think about their policy and indeed their attitude to fans over the delicate issue of players, because

at the end of the day these players are who we pay good money to see. We don't come to football to hear about the sponsors, the league line draw, great packages etc. which we are force-fed as part of our matchday diet. We come to see 11 lads perform to the best of their abilities (minus one or two of them) and hope that we get the right result. And when you're faced with the possibility of losing players you hope that maybe it will be someone who is either (a) crap (b) wants to go or (c) is raising a good cash sum. Regrettably the way the Terry Howard situation is going it looks like we're losing neither a, b or c but a veritable diamond. Ring any bells?

By the way I've been massively sidetracked from my original article the one on the Terry Howard autobiography, "Oooh". All I'll say is that is a fine read for fans of Leyton Orient and Wycombe as there are a lot of mentions of players and personalities and it gives more than an insight into the workings of Terry himself. Lets just keep our fingers crossed and hope that he's not ending his chapter at Wycombe just yet.

7407 GOSSIP

It's always been a cliché that Women's Institutes are a den of rumour mongering and gossiping. However, this is the nineties and us "new men" are getting in touch with our feminine side on the terraces. I'm talking about the terrace rumour and it is always at this time of the season when the rumours get bigger and more ridiculous.

We've collected some of the rumours recently spread on the terraces, in the Blues Club and in the queue for the tea bar. Some may even have some truth in them but I fear the majority have been made up purely in an attempt to liven up a dull match.

1) Terrys' Evans and Howard recently had a punch-up which is the reason Wycombe's very own F. Scott Fitzgerald hasn't been playing recently. No prizes for guessing who won this alleged set to.

2) Steve McGavin is bulimic but cannot force himself to vomit after the twenty steak & kidney pies he eats daily.

3) Paul Hyde was given the order of the boot for challenging Alan Smith to put his dukes up. Doesn't sound like the Paul Hyde we all know and love.

4) Dave Carroll is not the son of God but is in fact none other than the son of Paul Daniels which could explain some of the pasty ones conjuring tricks on the wing.

5) Martin O'Neill / Keith Scott / Steve Guppy (delete as applicable) is / are returning.

6) Alan Smith doesn't go to training sessions or reserve games. If this was true it would go some way to explaining some of his team selections this season.

7) Wycombe won't be defending their title this year in the Evening Standard London Fives tournament. Apparently Alan Smith and soccer nobody David Kemp don't believe in all that crisp one touch passing nonsense.

Let's Do Lunch!

If there's one thing you learn as a Student in Blighty it's that you never forgo a free lunch, and so when lovely marketing manager Mark Austin invited your five TAF contributors down to the sponsors jamboree at Adams Park, I for one didn't need my arm twisting.

But what's going on here? Isn't the traditional British fanzine supposed to stand against such corporate whoring and remain on the outside as a thorn in the side of respectability? Yep, it certainly is, but then we don't wish to be the traditional fanzine anarchists - indulging in all that business just gets in the way of a good old spot of ligging, which is far better than lying friendless in your bedsit.

But anyway, we still had an obligation to be there in order to pay tribute to our sponsored man Gary Patterson. Incidentally, whenever we mention to Alan Smith the fact that Gazza's career renaissance has coincided with our, "financial backing", he always looks at us as if there's some sort of suspect dealing going on. Perhaps we've never clearly explained to him that we regard our shirt sponsorship as some form of purchase, giving us a small but significant level of control - and why shouldn't we? Well perhaps it's because we only coughed up £200 towards him, probably less than a days wages for G.

Rest assured Mr Smith, it's nothing that'll upset the taxman!

But to the point, arriving at Adams Park I made my first entrance ever through the poseurs door to be greeted by a couple of highly savoury ladies from the office who generally, and quite rightly, swooned about TAF. Their favourite article in the last issue was the one on segregation (and I've learnt to spell it now), but sadly its author was unable to be present due to a prior engagement with a representative of Penguin Books, (or was it a Comet repairman?).

After refusing the kind offer of a Burnley programme, but accepting an England v Latvia schoolboys one, due to the fact it contained a picture of 'DRUG HELL' Charlton player Lee Bowyer, we boarded the team coach for a view.

If you've ever wondered what it's like, well, it's a coach really - with tables. One thing to report was that the ashtrays were all well used. Now either they're a legacy from Steve Walford or Simon Garner has sat in every seat on the coach. If you ever read a player profile they nearly always say that their pet hates outside football are "Smoking", so who the bloody hell sits next to Garner? Probably Brian McGorry as you don't need as much lung capacity to play non-league football. At the back of the coach there is a seedy sectioned off area with separate video and sound system - no doubt this is where Dennis Greene played his legendary stand up comedy tapes. Had a quick chat with the driver who told us Steve Brown was the nosiest player (ooh, you little scoundrel Steve) and assured us that the rear exit was not used for urination despite being next to the lavatory!

Just as we were about to enter the boardroom we were told that a guided tour of the new stand had just left. Blimey they've built that quickly we thought as we chased after Mark Austin, who was doing his Mr Brittas bit. Actually, what we saw was an impressive hole and a small slag heap but it's good to get a bit of fresh air and there were some beautiful wild flowers blooming in the woods which made it quite invigorating. M.A. dished out a few facts about the stand and we duly walked back again - quite a little ramble. What the top businessmen thought about tramping around the fields in their Armani crocodile skinned brogues is beyond me.

A quick poke around the backroom area failed, as I had suspected it would, to turn up any clues to the whereabouts of the dungeon John Goldsworthy is being held in - a likely place turned out to be the bootroom where TAF's Dave Chapman had his picture taken with..... Sieb Dykstra's boots! How do we know they were his? They were tagged in true sad schoolboy style - did Mummy do it Sieb? A passing apprentice informed us that Terry Evans boots were the smelliest, as we wondered if this hellish room was once used as the laundry set in 'Prisoner Cell Block H'. Our last view of the tomb was another oppressed apprentice viewing the washing machine as it whirled around - he may not make it as a footballer, but he'll make some lucky girl a wonderful husband!

But this was the real thing, into the Vere Suite to be greeted by Gary, wearing his best Sean Connery in 'Dr. No' tuxedo. Er well maybe not yet. McGavin was eying the food counter; Cousin's seemed to be deep in conversation with an old buffer, perhaps warning him about the infatuations of his schoolgirl patrons; Dave Farrell was receiving six of the best from his benefactor for being a waste of £200; and poor old Jase Solly loitered like a jilted groom at his honeymoon hotel bar.

Simon Garner strolled out of the treatment room for a plethora of photos, and Johnnie Williams was in hot demand too. But where was Gazza? Surely he wasn't going to snub his loyal patrons. Independent Supporters guru, Bob Officer chided us about this fact after cheesily posing with Matt Crossley for a snap, and being a tad bitter we couldn't resist making snide remarks about his lots 'kiss of death' on Sir Matt's season.

Mark Austin announced lunch, much to the delight of Stan Flashman.... sorry McGavin when Gazza suddenly appeared. Being a bit on the shy side we at TAF elected to spare him the misery of indulging in mindless banter with us and get a bit of tuck in. Whilst the feast took place Mark Austin roved the tables with Mike Phillips' radio mike, enabling punters to ask the gaffer a few questions. Thankfully Mr Smith was spared any difficult ones, due to the new air of optimism at the club and the only memorable bit was BFP columnist Ron Barnett wittering on about why he constantly calls Smith, "the bald eagle". "It's due to the palace thing", asserted big Ron. Really? I had it down to limited imagination and rank poor wit. Eventually Gary was nabbed for a cheesy photo which, due to our ranks being swelled to four, took an age to set up. Dave Farrell attempted long distance wit by

shouting, "Peas in a pod" at Gaz and his TAF look-alike Jon Dickinson. Stand up comedy Dave, probably a better bet than football for you mate!

Following this, TAF's favourite long term mystery, i.e. the disappearance and re-emergence of Jim Melvin was finally solved when the Rangers loving, youth guru revealed all. Basically Martin O'Neill wanted his old mate Steve Walford to run the show (a great example to the kids with his 40 a day habit), and all this after the Michael Keaton of WWFC had won the double with his team. Thankfully Wycombe's most entertaining conversationalist is back in the revitalised youth set up, whilst Wally attempts to inspire the stripling's of Leicester. Jim tells us that Damien Markman, "Is pure class" and also raved about Maurice Harkin who is a mere sixteen years of age (and yet to sip a shandy we trust).

Now it is always said that the youth set up is financially good for the club, but the way the younger players were dishing out complimentary tickets to TAF representatives would have had Brian Lee spinning in his grave! (not that he's in it by the way).

Just as we were debating whether to cheer up Solly or not, we were suddenly collared by Alan Smith for a swift chat, which involved a bit of play off speculation, ref baiting and a few gags about Steve McGavin's black market dealings. Despite not being overtly thrilled by the football his team have played this season, I cannot fault the man as an individual and he seemed highly relaxed and quite genial. He did say that he fails to see why we all wish to see him leg it around on the pitch when we've won, and that it isn't really in his personality to do such a thing. As long as the footy stays at a reasonable standard and steers clear of the arse levels we've witnessed for most of this season, I don't think anyone will care. One new thing we learnt about the manager is that he enjoys a good Chile con Carne with rice! (investigative reporting at its best).

Sadly due to rising paper prices decimating our profits, we had to disappoint Mark Austin and refuse his kind offer off an executive box for thirty grand for four years. That said, you can use them 364 days a year so maybe if we all moved out of our homes and saved the rent we could live in one! Of course we'd have to be out Christmas day but I'm sure Mark gets in a big enough turkey at his gaff - how about it Sir?

Letters

Dear TAF

We are writing to you because think that the article that was printed in your magazine in the March issue on Paul Hyde was brilliant. We think you were right on speaking for many of the Wycombe supporters who will miss Paul a lot.

We think that Paul was the best goalkeeper the club has ever had and Alan Smith was stupid to let such a class 'keeper go just because he wanted to pledge his future to the club.

We know that he was not happy to leave the club. We feel angry because we did not have a chance to say goodbye to Paul. We are also angry that Alan Smith told Paul that he was no longer welcome at the club. We know that the Wycombe fans would love to have Paul back in goal.

Me and my boyfriend went to the Carlisle game but I never thought we would never see Paul play for Wycombe again.

We hope that he is enjoying his time at Leicester City. All his friends at Wycombe wish him the best of luck at his new club.

Yours sincerely

Suzanne Astrop & Paul McCloud.

Hello!

My name is Claus Gumprecht and i am a Wycombe Wanderers fan. I'm living in Denmark, an i would ask you maybe could send me some information about the Fanclub (I'll gladly pay P&P)

And if you got a Fanshop, i would be very pleased, if you could send me some prizes, of the things that you can buy. Also send me a blanket were i can join The Adams Family. I hope you will answer back.

With friendly greetings from Claus Gumprecht,

Uffesvej 151th

8260 Viby J

Denmark

It seems as though Claus is a more dedicated fan than many of our Wycombe based followers. Mind you, he doesn't have to watch the Blues play every week. I'd love to know why he chose Wycombe. Did he stick a pin in an atlas or did he once spend a summer holiday in leafy Bucks. If any of you are into Thumbelina or the Ugly Duckling and fancy a visit to the land of Hans Christian Andersen here's your man. Mind you it must be cold in Denmark if they have to beg for blankets from English football fanzines.

GOING DOWN!

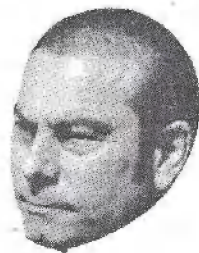
So Wycombe's crowds have finally dipped below the 3000 mark. The crowd for the recent Rotherham game was nearly 2000 below our average gate in the Conference and was about 3500 down on the bigger crowds we got in our last season as a Non-League club. The crowd for the Rotherham game would not even fill the "exiting new stand" (Alan Parry's words not mine). This has got to be extremely worrying for the club's board. Working on the rough assumption that the average admission fee on match days is £7.00 then the club is losing £21,000.00 a match on gate receipts alone. Add to that the revenue from programmes, tea bars, 50-50 draw tickets and the Blues club and it is pretty clear that the club cannot afford to progress through the football league in the fashion everyone has rather blindly come to expect.

It is understandable that punters have decide to vote with their feet. A recent run of six unbeaten games with some excellent results does not wipe away the disappointment of a season that started with such high expectations. Although it may not compare with the price of Premier League football £7.00 is a lot of money to spend on something which has more chance of making you feel depressed than thinking you have got your money's worth. It is true that too many Wycombe fans have been brought up on a diet of success and cannot handle the fact that we are now a small fish in a big pond. There are 23 other clubs in our division all struggling for success. Many of their supporters would be envious of Wycombe but not many club's gates dip below 3000. Maybe the club will stop taking the supporters for granted. They will always claim they do not but how else can they justify changing kits, increasing prices and trying to change the very constitution of the club while expecting us to just keep turning up week in week out and forking out money without grumbling or moaning.

It is very disappointing that so many fans have turned their back on the Blue's this season. The majority of people who have stopped coming probably are those who have only supported the club since the move to Adams Park but 3000 or so supporters in the space of a season is disastrous. I know that if we were top of the league the ground would be bursting at the seams but even to see a team consistently playing decent football would, I am sure bring some people back. It is not the fact that we have only had at best an outside chance of the play-offs all season that has sent fans away in their droves but the lack of excitement on the pitch. Alan Smith doesn't seem to know who he wants to play were or how he wants them to play. We had to make allowances for a new manager joining a very tightly knit and probably clique club but after a season I just can't see what Smith is trying to do. We haven't been hit by serious injuries to key members of the squad and new players have been bought in but we have only looked like a good side in patches. Hopefully next season, with our new stand and possibly even our very own goalkeeper the crowds will start coming back in and Wycombe will continue to develop as a football club



*Sorry Mister Smith, I
may be a monster monster
agent - but even I couldn't
flog a schmuck like
McGorry!*



In Search Of The Holy Contract

Alan Smith: Right lads, its the last day of training and seeing as you've all worked so hard this year I'm giving you the chance of a day out. I think we'll take a trip up to Hurley on the river. Me and Kempy have got the days entertainment sorted and there will be prizes at the finale. Right the bus is ready, what are you waiting for?

John Williams: Err, gaffer, Steve McGavin hasn't shown up yet. The last I saw of him he was at Heston service station buying some Ginsters pasties.

McGavin jogs over out of breath, his Wanderers travel suit bursting full of pasties. Alan Smith unzips it and gasps in amazement.

A.S: I simply wont have this Steve. I spent all night preparing wholemeal bread sarnies filled to the brim with lettuce, carrot and low fat primula spread. *(He proceeds to pull two Mars bars out of Steve's pockets).* Whatsmore we'll have none of this chocolate nonsense.

S.M: But boss they sponsor the England team, and loads of various sporty events.

A.S: That's baloney lad. Anyway I've been down the health shop and its sesame seed snaps all round.

Terry Howard: Come on gaffer lighten up. We all smuggle in our own food and have done all season. You don't seriously think we live on your bloody awful diets do you?

A.S: Is that so lad? Well you can just find yourself another club. Right, all of you, If you can't run to the bus, 100 metres away, in under 11 seconds there's no room for you in the squad next season. *(signals to Kempy on the bus).* Dave set your watch. Right, on your marks, get set, go.

Alan sticks out a foot and trips up Terry Howard. The rest of the team just about make it. Howard goes to his car and drives off in a strop with two fingers in the air. Alan gets on the bus.

A.S: OK driver, step on it man!

Driver: But Al, we're not all here yet.

A.S: My giddy aunt. Who are we waiting for now?

And Sure enough a huge lone figure is stood looking down on the pile of food confiscated from Steve McGavin. It can only be Sieb Dykstra. Smith leaps off the bus.

A.S: Sieb what the hell are you doing!

S.D: My friend I will not see this food go to waste. In my home land there are people dying because they can not even afford a scotch egg for supper.

A.S: But Sieb I thought you were Dutch.

S.D: Ah, but it is a long tale. I escaped from Bosnia many years ago, whereupon

I ran for many miles until I found a Dutch man who looked similar to myself. I then murdered him and stole his identity. I am a crazy man, and I will hurt you if you don't let me take these pasties to my people.

A.S.: Err, fine Sieb, take your pasties to Bosnia. Just make sure you hide them and don't tell the rest of the lads. You keep my secret and I'll keep yours.

S.D.: Very well sir. You have my honour.

A.S.: *(whispering to Dave Kemp)* Bloody idiot. Kempy, the lad's got serious problems, book him in for some therapy somewhere.

D.K.: Well actually Alan I hear Oxford are looking for a keeper. He'd be in good company with that bunch of inbred muppets.

Back on the bus and Alan Smith is dishing out complimentary FA cup tickets. When he comes to McGavin, Steve holds up his hands.

S.M.: Yeah I know boss, I'm a naughty boy.

A.S.: But Steve you won't miss out. I've got you two tickets for the local chair museum. It's about time you got in touch with the spirit of High Wycombe, after all it's the town that you represent, and Berkshire's got a lot to offer in terms of pride and tradition.

Dave Farrell: Err boss, I know I'm a thick Brummie but even I'm aware that Wycombe is in Buckinghamshire.

A.S.: So it is. Well done Dave. Right what was I saying. Ah yes, you know that great package I've been talking about all season, well it arrived this morning. *(opens up a trunk)* There you go lads: raincoats, compasses, maps and pens. We're going Orienteering.

Simon Garner: *(quietly)* Bugger that lads, I've got a stack of booze in the bottom of the coach. Jim Gardner smuggled it in last night. Who's in for a piss up?

Finally they arrive. Terry Evans reluctantly dishes out all the supplies, and the lads start off the ramble. Garner collars youngsters Tony Clarke and Damien Markman to carry his beer. Meanwhile Keith Ryan and Gary Patterson dump their gear in a hedge and run towards the river.

Ryan: *(Cheeky grin)* Right me and Patto are grabbing a punt and going bird watching.

Patto: Yeah that sounds alright. Oi. McGav - are you coming with us. Lets face it, its the only chance you'll get of scoring this season pal.

McGavin: Come on lads, I'm getting closer. And how many times have I hit the bar?

Garner: Who said bar? where, what, oh F*&* it. *(Collapses unconscious with 12th tin of Kestrel super strength).*

Suddenly a roar of pain echoes around the woods.

Tel Evans: Help. I've twisted my ankle and buggered my knee up on a protruding root. Someone phone an ambulance. *(Paul Hardyman and Jason Rowbotham run off in search of a phone).*

The rest of the depleted squad continue on the ramble. All seems to be going to plan until they come across a river. A glance on the map shows that they have to cross it. A note from Alan Smith is hanging off a tree which reads "Come on lads why do you think I gave you the anoraks". Everyone looks gutted.

Mig Desouza: Sod this I'm giving up. You losers can continue. I'm fed up with baling you out all season.

Dave Carroll: Hang on for just a minute. Mig, I am ashamed of you. You have little faith in the players and you seem to doubt me. It is you who is the loser. *(Dave proceeds to part his hands and the river folds back to give a clear pathway).* Follow me for I am with you.

Matt Crossley: (running away) Bloody hell this is spooky.

Fifteen minutes later and all are following behind Dave Carroll. When suddenly another trauma hits the ever dwindling group.

Brian McGorry: Dave, I have followed you thus far, but I am afraid I can follow no longer.

Jason Soloman: The same goes for me brother. We have people to meet, friends to hang out with.

Dave Carroll: What are you imbeciles blathering on about?

Jason Soloman: You see that field over there, the one Brian is running towards, this is where we must meet our fellow brethren.

Dave Carroll: What a field full of asses.

Jason Cousins: No, donkeys Dave.

Dave Carroll: Come back men. Don't believe everything you read or hear. I still believe in you both. *(runs after them).*

J.C: Shut up Dave, its too late you'll never find them now. They've blended in so well its impossible to tell them apart.

D.C: Fair point Jase.

So the group plough onwards until they meet a group of children on a school trip. The kids recognising their idols challenge them to a game of football. All politely decline and sign autographs except for Steve Brown. His eyes light up and grinning from ear to ear he exclaims "Yes. I'll take you all on". 100 crude tackles later the place is like a war zone. Kids are hopping around and screaming for their mothers. Brown has lost his senses and is now tackling trees....that is until he uproots one and it falls on his head. Poor Steve is dead.

Five more miles have passed and the party is down to four. Cousins, Carroll, Dykstra and Williams.

J.W: Lads, lads. Have any of you wondered why we're doing this?

J.C: Yeah, I'm not sure I can be arsed. I'm bloody hot too in this anorak. Do you boys fancy a quick dip?

D.C: OK five minutes. Just to revive your spirits. Here, pass this round and enjoy (a bottle of Evian water has been turned into a fine Chardonnay).

All jump in a nearby stream. John Williams and Jason Cousins leap around naked whilst Sieb goes behind a tree and changes into some pink speedo's. Suddenly Cousins goes mad.

J.C: Watch out! Bloody hell, we've got to get out, I've just had a bloody snake brush past my hands. Dave pass that bread knife. Come on lads out now!

J.W: Alright, look just stay calm and take it easy. We're going to be just fine.

J.C: There it is again. *(Thrashes knife at it)* Yes, got it.

S.D: ARrrrrghhhhhhhh, that's my wedding tackle..... quick get me a doctor.

J.W: Right its time to be cool. I'll stay here with my friend. You two get the gaffer. There's only about a mile to go. *(Cousins and Carroll run off)* Sieb stop rolling around, its just a scratch man. *(Dykstra is writhing around speechless).*

Suddenly out of the woods a dark figure lurks dressed in combat gear. He cocks his gun at a startled Williams.

Stranger: Freeze you mutha.

J.W: Who the **** are you?

Stranger: I have been called from Leicester to pay a debt to a man they call Mr Smith. Lead me to him you lanky waster.

J.W: I'll take orders no orders from you, you overweight piece of crap. Mr Smith happened to pay £150,000 for me, and I'll not hear a bad word against him. Come here and fight me bare fist, man to man.

Stranger: A striker starting a fight? Well that sounds like an offer I can't refuse.

Both men are heard fighting in the woods when suddenly shots are fired. There is silence. Meanwhile Carroll and Cousins can see the team coach. They shake hands and run towards it where they are met by a beaming Alan Smith and Dave Kemp. Smith picks up two scrolls and unfurls them. In a flash by their side are Mr Beeks and Mr Vere grinning inanely. Brian Southam, club photographer shouts "over here boys" and the papers are signed and sealed in a second.

Alan Smith: Congratulations lads, you've done the impossible. Braved the storms, defied the elements, overcome impossible odds.

D.C & J.C: Done what gaffer?

Alan Smith: You two are the proud owners of a renewed Wycombe Wanderers contract. These scrolls procure you at Adams Park until the year 2000. Where others have failed you have prospered. Come on everyone lets hear it for them.....

*And there follows smiles all round as the team coach pulls out of the sleepy village of Hurley. Who knew what was in store for them on this momentous day. As the tail-lights fade into the dusk a player is seen crawling bleary eyed out of the woods. On seeing the coach leaving he mutters "oh S**T" and chunders into a hedge. He has missed out on a contract.... But the legend of Simon Garner will never die.*

Blue-Chip Stock

Ahoy, all shareholders of Wycombe - yes, you folk out there that wisely took our and WWISC's advice by claiming your share in the mighty WWFC! Have you ever wondered what the club's actually worth? I mean, picture this grim scenario: the financial directors of Wycombe suddenly get wind of a too-good-to-miss venture capital opportunity out in the Cayman Islands, decide to clean out the club's coffers and slash off on a Jumbo leaving Wycombe looking for National Lottery donations?

"Well, the solution's simple," I hear you cry in unison, "One would clearly satisfy the most immediate creditors' claims by liquidising all short-term assets," and how right you'd be! Basically, we'd flog all the players, yes the very superstars who we pay to worship would be farmed off to various corners of the UK, per chance, Europe! OK - let's imagine a more likely set of circumstances - Alan Smith, unhappy at our end-of-season run in displays, throws a wobbler and decides to put the whole team up for sale. What do you think each player is worth in £s/ECUs per square inch of throbbing muscle? What payment terms are available? Do bulk discounts apply (does this mean that Steve McGavin's not worth much?)?

To solve this imminent conundrum, we phoned up cockney soccer supremo Barry Fry to see what he thought the monetary value of each of our players was. After this (chargeable) consultation, the man used to paying wages to not so much a squad of players as a battalion, was not surprisingly flexing the company cheque-book at the prospect - look out, Ivor

GOALKEEPERS: Well, let's see now - we've got an on-loan clogmaker from QPR who may or may not stay, a youth team giant who's not yet under contract and

John Cheesewright(!):

For - he's our only permanent goalie; we've never seen him play (might be brilliant!); simple supply/demand economics say he must be at least worth *something*.

Against - He came from the SCUM; Smithy hates goalies; he's not under contract; we've never seen him play (might be Steve Sherwood for the 90's).

Barry's Valuation - "Sweet F(ootball) A(ssociation) unless Alan gets 'im to sign a form." (unlikely)

DEFENCE: Generally performed well as a unit this season - clean sheets possible when settled, although this rarely happened during '95/'96 due to injuries and , er, personal differences with management.

Terry Evans:

For - Big; Natural leader of men; Dangerous up front; Motivator wherever he is; Loyal.

Against - Dodgy knees; Best years behind him; Looking a tad slow these days.
Barry's Valuation - "Well, I'd take 'im off yer 'ands fer ten big ones." (Yeah - only to sell him in 6 months to Southend for £100k.)

Terry Howard:

For - Bloody ace defender; We love him; Wrote a funny book; Never gives up; Loyalty at previous club.

Against - Had ONE bad game; Smith hates him; TV-famed row at old club.

Barry's Valuation - "Huh-huh - 'e's not exactly flavour of the month with your gaffer is 'e? Still a few decent years left in 'im - £40,000.

Jason Cousins:

For - Solid, reliable tackler; Shot of steel (I seem to recall.....); A smashing lad; A favourite with AS.

Against - Form dropped over past two seasons; Lacking in pace; Occasionally flips.

Barry's Valuation - "A decent Endsleigh League stopper - yeah, I don't reckon Smiffy would let 'im go for much short of £30,000.

Paul Hardyman:

For - Experienced left-back/midfielder; Deceptive pace; Good on overlaps.

Against - Wrong side of 30; Needs a decent barber.

Barry's Valuation - "Well, Mr.Handyshandy, or whatever yer name is, can come an' train wiv my boys, but I couldn't part with more than £15 grand for 'is use."

Terry Skiverton:

For - Young; Fresh-faced(!); Versatile; Always up for a pot at goal.

Against - A ruddy Gin-ger!!; Auburn bonced!; His hair is orange!; Short-tempered!; Can't bear the sun!

Barry's Valuation - "I'm sorry, lads - there's no room in the modern game for carrot-tops, nil value."

Jason Rowbotham:

For - He can kick it a long way (Yeah and? - Ed.)

Against - Inconsistent; Signed for a disputed fee (i.e. a herd of Highland Cattle) from Jockoland.

Barry's Valuation - "If I can get 'is brother, they'd make a good double act at the BCFC Christmas Party. Yeah, bit of synergy 'ere - each £25k, but £80k for the pair.

Matt Crossley:

For - Longest-serving stalwart; Calm and unaffected by pressure; Quicker than he looks; Would make a great continental "libero".

Against - Prone to long-term injury;

Barry's Valuation - "Yeah - despite Sir Matt's absence for much of this year, I understand Real Zaragoza are lining up a deal worth £150,000 for your boy - go for it, mate!"

Jason Solomon:

For - I, er well, he his Mum loves him (I hope).

Against - Not much cop; Glenn Roeder taught him all he knew; ex-schoolboy international (kiss of death!).

Barry's Valuation - "Ha, ha, ha - yuk, yuk - bloody Nora, tell ya what, I'll take 'im off yer for zip - save you 'avin' to pay 'im."

MIDFIELD: Again, various formations and permutations have been toyed with here, many enforced - the current settled unit seems to be as good as any when on form (one of these days)

Dave Carroll:

For - Most of Wycombe hail him (not Michael Jackson) as the Second Coming; Mazy Dribbler; Fine crosser; Occasional wonder goal; Heading improved beyond compare.

Against - When he's bad, he's shite; ego problem?; still weak in the tackle (in spite of his many kids - arf, arf!!)

Barry's Valuation - "He can come an' raise the dead at St.Andrew's any time 'e likes, but I don't reckon I'd get much change aht of £120,000."

Steve Brown:

For - Looks ****ing evil!; Tough tackler; Always up for a scrap.

Against - Form unpredictable; not enough goals; disciplinary record would look good in cricket; nut-case.

Barry's Valuation - "Well, Steve's past 'is prime, **(What the hell are you on about? -ed)** but 'e's a great tryer! I'm sure some 2nd Division outfit could rustle up £35,000 to do a job." (Like a knee-cap job?)

Gary Patterson:

For - Lordy, where do we begin? Looks, personality, great mates (alright, Gaz?), can play wicked chess and discuss complex Keynesian economic theory - then there's his footy!

Against - Oh, be off with you - Gary is the perfect specimen of footballing manliness.

Barry's Valuation - "Yep - Worth a cool mill, no sweat - out of our league, I think the Magpies are looking to bring 'im 'ome. (Can you put that knife away now?)"

Keith Ryan:

For - Mr. 150% (and rising); Got a "great motor"; Menacing up front.

Against - Yet to regain greatest form; distribution could be better.

Barry's Valuation - "I gather that Mr. O'Neill 'as been sniffin' around your keef. Whatever 'e bids, double it - the Irish love an upward hagggle. No less than £250k should be considered."

David Farrell:

For - Young; Not very old; Age on his side; Quick (but often without the ball); Good dribbler (as a baby).

Against - Frustrating, we know what he's capable of; gives up too easily; inconsistent crosser; couldn't hit a whale's ass with a cello in front of goal.

Barry's Valuation - "I'd like to say that David 'as got a great future. That's what I'd like to say. Oh, er, I guess nowadays you'd do well to get much over 60 big smackers."

Mickey Bell:

For - Quality left-sided defender or attacker; not afraid to shoot; Great Geordie

spirit(!).

Against - Wasted somewhat at left-back.

Barry's Valuation - "I like this boy, 'n' we're down to our last three left wingers at Birmingham, so I'd gladly shell out 80 grand **(This article must have been written under the influence of hard drugs -ed)** for young Michael - that'd be me taking the Mickey again though, would'n it? Heh-heh!!"

Simon Stapleton:

For - True "Jack of all trades" (and master of n-.....); Can run all day; Top notch sun tan.

Against - Forgotten man at Wycombe; Technical skills not all they might be; Hasn't washed/cut hair for the last year; Long-term injury worries.

Barry's Valuation - "Dahts clearly exist over this chap's ability to cut it at Div. 2 level, so I couldn't give 'im an higher tag than £30,000 - Soz, Simon!"

Brian McGorry:

For - Looks good in trunks; an asset on a waterlogged pitch; nice Nicky Evans-style all year tan.

Against - Useless, useless, useless; why have we kept him for so long?

Barry's Valuation - "Well, our Kevin Francis is always in deep water with the Old Bill - they think 'e's Snoop Doggy Dog, so 'e might be some 'elp there, I s'pose - £5k."

FORWARDS: Wycombe has produced some great forwards over the years - Worley, Horseman, Perrin West, Scott - so we decided to change things this year - even our best bet, Desouza was hardly a regular marksman - Alan Smith seemed to rotate the front pair on the basis that if they didn't play for a few games, they might bugger off elsewhere.

Miguel DeSouza:

For - Very quick; Skilful; Natural goalscorer; Good target man.

Against - Often lazy; First touch not all it could be; Frustrated by the actions of teammates.

Barry's Valuation - "Migs never settled at Brum, so I'm glad to see 'e's tuckin' 'em away for you lot - £50,000 would be fair."

John Williams:

For - Improved in leaps and bounds since transfer; Enjoys his soccer; Very, very quick; Big!; Always acknowledges fans.

Against - Utterly dismal skills when not with it; What did Coventry see in him?; Over-priced.

Barry's Valuation - "I'm afraid John wasn't your greatest acquisition, however depending on which game you'd seen 'im at, another 2nd Division side could pay up to £65,000 for Mr.W."

Steve McGavin:

For - Good control; Holds off others well (on the way to the tuck-shop); Never stops running (!).

Against - Chubby chappy; Loves food more than the onion sack; Calls himself a 'striker'.

Barry's Valuation - "Bloody 'ell, here's another Brummie-reject. You can see why 'e didn't start many games for us now, can't yer? You'd be lucky to sell the lardy one for more than £35,000, I believe."

Simon Garner:

For - He truly is 'super'; Top geezer; Experience shows in his touch, passing, everything!; Great Goalscorer.

Against - Veterans' veteran; For some reason, his contribution does not satisfy the current management;

Barry's Valuation - "What a star this man is - I can't believe 'e's not playin' first team soccer for you lot. 'Is age is against 'im, but I can think of many a 1st Div. team who'd take the aged one a free."

There you have it - our flesh & blood at Wycombe is worth a cool twol million pounds, although Gary Patterson seems to make up half of this on his own! Perhaps we should take this one with a pinch of salt. Let's hope the financial directors have the discretion not to "do a runner", although with contracts up for renewal this summer, there could be some interesting transfer action before next season. "Farewell!", to all Wanderers for whom this will be their last TAF!

Superfan Assessment

Something that proportionately affects sales of this humble rag are the numbers of bodies making their way through the turnstiles at Wycombe each game. Now, we know that most TAF readers aren't a fickle bunch of fair-weather glory-seekers, and we also know that to keep the VAT bill down the turnstile figures are shamelessly and unsbtly doctored, however with crowds down to below 3,000 in some cases (we can all see that!) TAF's financial planners were understandably concerned that sales might be knocked again next season.

With this in mind, please take a while to answer the following questions as appropriate, add up your score, and tally it off against our rating at the end, to discover whether you in Superfan territory or a regular visitor to Texas Homecare of a Saturday afternoon. Oh, and by the way, best to keep a note of your answers to hand for when our team of tele-marketers call you at a highly inappropriate time next week to poll your views. Cheers!

1. Which of the following best describes your attendance at Adams Park this season?

- (a). Every game (including Capital League, President's Cup, WWFC Ladies and the Youth Team at Monks Risborough)
- (b). Most games (except where suffering from loss of limbs, death of relatives, or tyrannical overtime-sadistic bosses).

- (c). A few games where finances allow or friends are going.
- (d). This is the first time I've been (but you thought this was a programme and purchased it - KNOB!!)

2. When do you make an away journey?

- (a). I go to all of them (ignoring any inconsiderately timed weddings and terminally ill acquaintances), because I love to travel the length and breadth of this fair isle admiring the wondrous architecture of soccer stadia that we lose in.
- (b). To most within 100 miles of Wycombe (car's seen better days!), a few outside if we've a chance of winning or I know someone up there.
- (c). Very few - I get confused with the away colours.
- (d). None - (please delete as appropriate) I have no friends / no car / no desire to sit on a coach with other peasants / no wish to pay £10 to sit in Walsall's Airfix ground for 90 minutes.

3. The new Wycombe kit comes out soon. Do you:-

- (a). Rejoice delightedly (for mugs like you are every marketing manager's wet dream), go and buy full kits for yourself and all your family, then hire the Vere Suite for a celebratory private party.
- (b). Appear unconvinced by the new design but decide to buy a shirt anyway as your friend is an (a)., it may grow on you after all.
- (c). Think, "Bugger me, £35 for that tosh? Where's the old quarters gone?", but compromise by buying a mini car-kit (you've still got some allegiance after all) and get one for £20 in the end-of-year sale.
- (d). Buy ten just to burn them at midnight on Adams Park pitch (whilst screaming with your hooded friends, "The work of Beelzebub!!"), launch a hate-mail campaign against Mark Austin and petrol-bomb the Mizuno warehouse, until our precious 'quarters' TM 1884 are returned at once!?

4. You are watching Wycombe's progress on Ceefax - a point will get us into the play-offs. 1-0 up, the opposition score twice in the last 3 minutes to scupper our dreams. Do you:-

- (a). Launch the TV through the window, run around the house obliterating all signs of life before hanging yourself from the bannisters (with your Wanderers scarf of course)
- (b). Shout crude 18-cert. obscenities for about 10 minutes, go off your food for a while, strut around in a vexed state for the rest of the evening, cussing every time you see something loosely connected with football e.g. your old "True Blue" LP by Madonna.
- (c). Think "Cack, that's my evening ruined!", then remember the joys of alcohol and that your best mate's a dealer, pop round for some Class A's, go out for a few and forget that the stupid bloody game ever existed.
- (d). Ponder on it philosophically for a moment, remembering Bible proverbs about success, greed and having too much money, then phone up QPR to ask about the price of season tickets for next year.

5. In a last minute turnaround, plans for the new stand are scuppered by WDC - this could mean eviction from the League! Do you:-

- (a). Organise secret fund-raising activities, cash in early that Equity & Law PEP that's been doing so well for you, in order surreptitiously to buy off the most corrupt WDC Officer to get plans back on rails.
- (b). Take part in a sit-down protest down Wycombe High Street on market day, forming a human hand-cuffed chain along its length. You bottle it however when the mounted police turn up.
- (c). Write a modestly angry letter to the BFP, using hackneyed phrases like, "Must protest in the strongest terms...", and, "Once again Wycombe Council have acted without.....," or perhaps, "One of the few good things this town has got.....".
- (d). Think, "Oh well - nice while it lasted," and phone up Loftus Road again to see what discounts are available for early payment.

How did you do? Award yourself 3 points for every (a) scored, 2 points for every (b), 1 point for every (c) and 0 for any (d)'s.

12-15 points: You are Dave Bassett - if not, a distant blood relative, or another version of the man from a parallel universe to ours. Yes, nothing BUT NOTHING, would stop you from seeing the mighty Wanderers - you let nothing else interfere with your life, for your sad life is WWFC and all it entails. The rest of the planet may turn bright orange and start singing Carols in Cambodian of a Saturday afternoon for all you know, cos you've NEVER SEEN ONE - doctors are available for you people.

8-11 Points: Good on you - a devoted Wanderer who knows when to stop. The club needs people like you - you'll be there in a crisis, standing up for the management when they need it, but ready to dish out constructive criticism when it's deserved. But, hey fella - you know how to enjoy life as well - no Wednesday night trips to Blackpool for you, eh?

4-7 Points: Oh yes, you're just the sort of weak-willed plonker we can well do without - turn up for the glory matches at Wembley, even the odd league game where there's a chance of a decent crowd and promotion looming. Anywhere below eighth though is supporting a losing team, am I right? Clubs build new stands based on materialistic attendances that muppets like you artificially boost when your glory-antennae quiver precariously and draw you mysteriously to Hillbottom Road.

0-3 Points: Look, Pal you're either taking the slash. or just not with it. Utterly corruptible in every way, you probably buy the tacky (but non-expensive) merchandise just to make a point to your friends (if you can spare the loyalty to have any) that you really are a fan. Either that or you're on the dole in which case we sympathise and thank you wholeheartedly for buying TAF. Sorry, but poverty and soccer don't mix nicely at all - you can't even stand behind the Woodland Terrace for nowt any more.

Five Of The Finest

Well the end of the season is now upon us and its time for the TAF back slap to those players who have delivered the constant goods throughout the season. We hope that you agree with the following five who appear in no order whatsoever.....

Micky Bell: Possibly the pick of this years crop of Wanderers, Micky has made the left flank not just a ropey old area for has-been centre backs, but a position for the daring, the stylish and the buccaneer. His raids down the left have seen right backs cower into submission, and if only Dave Farrell would have the confidence to play like we know he has the potential to, we'd have a lethal left side of midfield. But for the moment Micky can rest easily over the summer, as his workrate over the season has been phenomenal.

Gary Patterson: OK, I know we go on about him all the time what with our financial backing, but if you're looking at picking a central midfielder, look no further than this man. His silky smooth passing skills and keenness to shoot on sight have been often what Wycombe fans have cried out for in a season when the ball has spent too much time in the air and little on the turf. Whilst Steve Brown has been magnificent at times (when he's available) and Keith Ryan's return is a boost to the club, it is Patterson who has remained a vital cog in the midfield. Youth is still on the mans side and you mark my words next season will see the him blossom further. Just give him a ball and a yard of grass...and he'll give you a move and a perfect pass.

Davey Carroll: 100% Wycombe. if you chopped Dave in half he'd have WWFC marked through his body like a stick of rock. A typical Dave Carroll season sees him once again receive the plaudits. A smattering of goals ranging from the straightforward to the ruddy supreme (Stockport at home) Dave has also shown himself to be the man with the bottle and the accuracy to become the number one penalty taker at the club. Better out on the right wing/midfield than in the middle, lets hope that we see the messiah gracing the Adams Park turf for seasons to come. I also reckon Dave should grow his locks and a beard over the summer break just for true authenticity.... altogether now, "Jesus,Jesus,Jesus".

Terry Howard: Whilst Big Tel has struggled with injuries and to some extent his form, Little Tel (so he tells us), has more than made up for cover at the back with some absolutely sterling displays throughout the season. Given the captains armband on occasion, Tel has risen to the stage and often kept his head up while others around have dropped. Whilst he might not be the most openly passionate of players, there's no doubting that on his day he is one of the best defenders in the division. For proof of this cast your mind back to his performance at home to Manchester City, where he marshalled the back four to perfection. The same for Oxford away where he ended an excellent performance with a beautifully placed header. With recent traumas affecting Terry, we here at TAF hope to see him back next season, and if not would like to ask a bloody big "why?"

Miguel Desouza: When I mentioned that Mig was going to be in the top five, people looked a little confused as to my logic. But to anyone with half a braincell its obvious. Mig's goals have kept us up this season. As I write he's netted 19 times this season and all this without a regular strike partner and the lack of a free scoring midfield. The trouble with Mig is that at times he runs like a whippet and smashes in quality strikes from all angles, whilst at other times he simply looks like he couldn't give a toss. I don't have any great theories behind this, other than the fact that this is basically the difference between a player like Mig and say, Stan Collymore. He needs to show a little bit more consistency and not get wound up when things aren't going Wycombe's way. Having said that, he's been quality at times this year and I hope that a new season, on the back of his success this season, will spur him on to greater things for Wycombe.

Hot Tips For Next Year: Of course we never really know what's coming our way next season, but with a new stand, a lovely new kit (!) and Mr Smith's playing "style" all in order we've got to be looking positively. If Dave Farrell can play like he did in the second half against Rotherham, and not like his appalling display against Swansea, he'll fulfil his potential. Likewise John Williams, if raring to go, could be a huge asset to the team. He's the coolest geezer at the club and if he's well "up for it" I'm convinced we can do well. If Steve Brown can curb his temperament, but keep his combative skills we've the best midfielder in the division, and if Keith Ryan can resist the lure of the reserves at Leicester and net a few goals from midfield this will be equally valuable. And if Jason Soloman could become the next Paul Ince....I'll personally buy all our readers a pint!

Don't forget to enter the TAF survey

Supporter's Survey - with prizes!

By some ghastly clerical error at the back-end of last season ("surely a TAF first!" I hear you cry), we neglected to include a similar quiz in Issue 17, so this will only be the second time we've run this caper. The first was after our disgustingly successful first season in the Football League, but still attracted a fairly dire response rate from you people, so by merely entering anything (quality of entries will not be a mitigating factor), you stand a high chance of winning some frankly stunning prizes.....

Just study the questions in detail below, engage brain and activate memory based on your experiences of this season. Then using your bestest handwriting, scribble your answers down on a piece of paper and send it in to our P.O. Box address on the inside front cover before the start of August to qualify for our free draw - the winner will plucked out of the tombola (OK - might be a teacup based on previous response rates) by a celebrity of no little repute, and will be rewarded for his/her efforts with a magnifque 2-part prize, to wit: ONE WHOLE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to the Adams Family (that's 5 fun-packed issues delivered first class to your front door absolutely gratis) and GARY PATTERSON'S SWEAT - tastefully arranged on the shirt that the man has so debonairly strutted his stuff in for most of the season.

You off the floor yet? Good - when we say 'the shirt' we mean exactly that - the self same nylon wonder-garment that Gary will have donned (all being well) for today's crunch encounter with relegation threatened Carlisle. As the less myopic of you may have realised over the course of the season, TAF (through remortgaging our luxury Kensington offices last year) managed to generate sufficient funds to sponsor 'wor Gazza' and he hasn't let us down - part of the deal was that he hand over his shirt come May time to let one lucky blighter secure what could be Wycombe's last ever strictly quartered shirt, faintly aromatic of "Eau de Geordie" as well - what more could a dedicated fan wish for? It was either this or a version of the brand new stripey-quartertilted design - loved by some, loathed by many more, it seems.

The 2nd Annual TAF Survey - Season 1995/96:

1. *Best player*
2. *Most improved player*
3. *Strangest inclusion or acquisition*
4. *Strangest omission or sale*

5. *Best buy*
6. *Best moment or game*
7. *Worst moment or game*
8. *Best goal*
9. *Worst miss or non-save*
10. *Best ground*
11. *Worst ground*
12. *Worst official(s)*
13. *Best programme or fanzine*
14. *Worst programme or fanzine*
15. *Marks out of ten for Alan Smith's first season*
16. *Best on-pitch development*
17. *Best off-pitch development*
18. *Advice for Ivor during the close season*

Entries also
accepted at our
E-mail address.
See page 2

Euroman Cometh

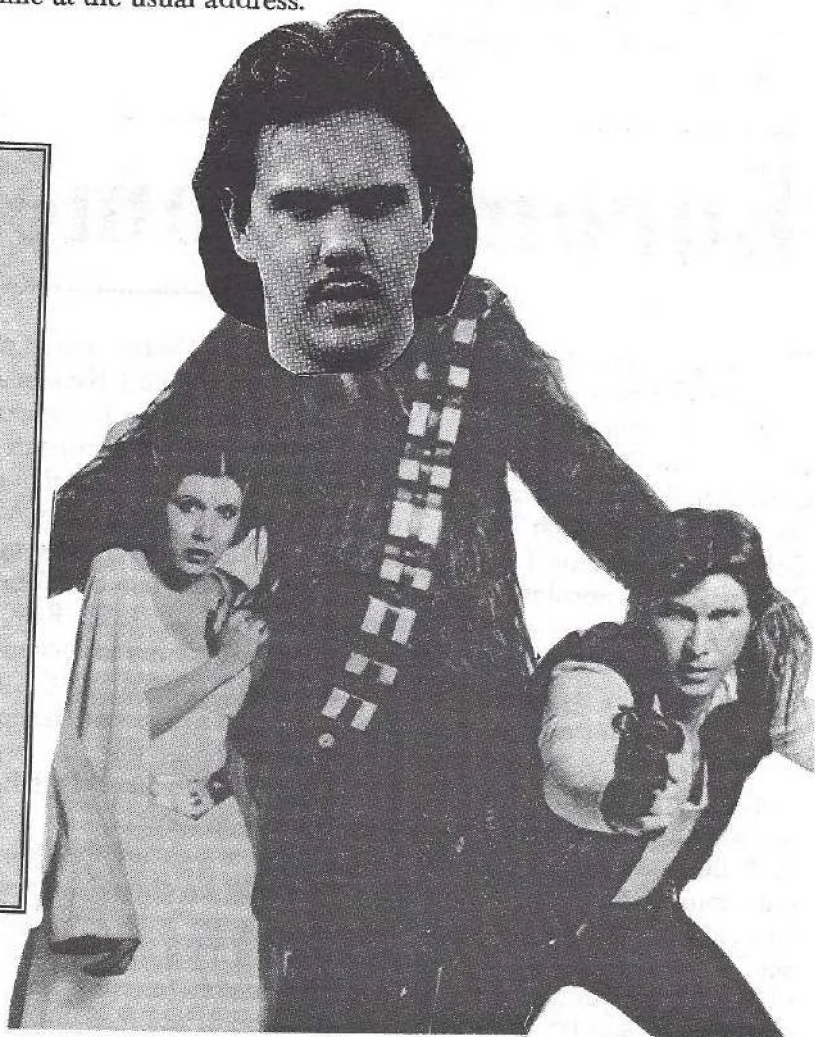
They've got Seba, Martinez and Diaz at Wigan. There's Yuran at Millwall. Petrescu at Chelsea, Albert at Newcastle, Rosler and Kinkladze at Man City.....oh come on lets face it which club hasn't had a European player at their club in the last few years. My first memories of European flair came from Arnold Muhren and Frans Thissen (at least I think that's how you spell them) at Ipswich Town. Then Bearded old hippy Ricky Villa scored that wonder goal for Tottenham Hotspur in the FA Cup final against Man City, where he absolutely took the slash out of the late Sir Tommy Caton. Nowadays I still get excited watching the likes of Gullit, Roy, hell, even that cheating old Frenchman. So you can imagine my joy when we signed goalkeeper Sieb Dykstra on loan. A true Euro! At WWFC! OK so it wasn't that amazing, but it bought us up to the times as the last European player for Wycombe was Jozef Blochel, who someone told me was actually English through and through. So what was Sieb like? Did he have the charisma and looks of Ginola? The hair of Regi Blinker?

Well there is certainly no doubt that Sieb is one for the ladies. All that Euro muscle pumping iron in the gym would be enough to send any lady into ecstasy. Whatsmore there's no denying the lad's got a good head of hair, even though it's a bit Tom Selleck circa 1979, what with the 'tash and all that. But style aside, the crux of the matter for most fans was "Is he actually any good?" Well I think its possible to say that the jury is out on

the answer at the moment. At times he seems unbeatable, and he looks to be a good shot stopper, but his handling has looked somewhat suspect for a lad of his size, and I don't think any of us raise a smile when we see his dubious dribbling antics around the penalty area. So is Alan going to sign him on or are we on the look out for another keeper over the Summer. I'd personally be keen to blood the young rookie Tom Keys, king of the youth team "twixt the sticks". Standing at about 6' 3" he looks more than capable of holding his own in a penalty area skirmish.

Whatever happens next season in the goalkeeping department, I personally wish Sieb all the best. And if any of you older readers can think of any Eurowizards that have donned a quartered, sorry striped Blues shirt then drop us a line at the usual address.

It's not wise to upset a Wookiee!



What's in a Name?

With 21 issues already under our belts, inspiration sometimes don't come easy - in fact sometimes it don't come at all. But as it is often said, it 'aint over 'till it's over, and with that in mind (?) it's time to shamelessly plunder the Adams Family back catalogue and update that old spell checker article with all our wondrous new players. For those of you not in the know, the computer will suggest what it thinks the word is you are trying to spell, and not recognising names as words, it tries to correct them..... with hilarious consequences. Well, in theory anyway.

Starting off this jamboree of wit is one of Mr Smith's first and, some would say, most astute purchases - **Brian McGorry**. The computer clearly recognises brilliance when it reads it, and has changed the Adams Park favourites name to **Braying Mockery**, which, when you consider it, is spookily apt.

Even tannoy announcers cannot deal with the wild and crazy Euroness of **Sieb Dykstra**'s name, so what hope has a dumb computer got? Very little, as you'll see from its offering of **Soup Digester!**

Next is super wet winger **David Farrell**, who was signed for 100,000 pounds when the club was keen to brag about it's purchasing power, but is now said to have cost 70,000 after they realised he was shite. Faz turns into a **Duvet Frilly**, which needs no further comment.

Jason Rowbotham's surname unfortunately metamorphoses into **Lobotomy** and his first into **Jazz**. Perhaps the computer is alluding to suggestions from many quarters that having part of your brain removed is the only way to enjoy jazz. Whether this explains its popularity amongst footballers is unclear.

Of course **Jason Soloman** could also take Jazz as his monicker, but that'd be dull, so we've selected the next one on the list. Solly now becomes **Dozen Salmon**, and let's face it - we'd be lucky to get that much for, "The next Paul Ince". (© Glenn Roeder).

Join Woollens is the new name for **John Williams**, which says precisely jack shit to me - leaving us with the management duo. **Alan Smith** becomes **Ealing Smith**, which is hardly fascinating other than the fact that his old mate Paul Hyde lives in that very same London Borough, perhaps they'll go

out for a curry at Monty's very soon.

But the absolute corker comes from the name of **David Kemp**, who conjures up visions of Travolta in 'Saturday Night Fever' with his new name, **Jived Camp**. This could also explain rumours that no-one busts a gut to room with Kempy on away jaunts.

DEAR IVOR



Dear Ivor,

With a Wycombe Wanderers win being as reliable as an I.R.A cease fire I have spent some time analysing the situation. I know over the past season Wycombe have invested large sums of money into their youth policy and I think it is about time we started reaping our harvest. Weekly we hear how well the youth team are performing so why the blazes do we not just field them instead? The blue's line up has changed so much for the last few weeks I'm sure no one would even notice, apart from the fact we may start winning a few games.

Yours Neil Smilie

Dear Ivor

Just a little note for you to pass onto Mr Austin. We know he's always on the look out for new and interesting ways to make money while keeping the paying customers happy. Well I've come up with a little gem that will please everyone at the same time. Dress Alan Smith up as Bluey the Swan and parade him around the pitch before each home game. With the amount of money he will have thrown at him you will all be onto a small fortune.

Mr P Hyde

Dear Ivor

With the sad but understood decline in the crowd attendance at Adams Park you must be racking your brain to find a way to bring them all back. Well, as you are a comfortably wealthy (not rich) business man I can see one way to do it. Buy off Claire Nash and the Bucks Free Press and get her to fake each match report as a blinding win. As the BFP is now the only way most Wycombe fans find out how their team has got on they would be back in their droves.

Stevie Cohen



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